

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

THAT GENIUS.

By VINCENT G. PERRY.
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CONSTANCE WAS the makings of a genius. All her girl friends had told her she was, her teacher had whispered it loud enough for her to hear, half a dozen times, so it was no wonder Constance came to believe it herself. There was only one person who didn't seem convinced of the fact, and that was Jack Armstrong. Constance did not mind that at first—it would be very easy to show Jack how great she was, she had thought, but as their friendship ripened and Jack kept on making love to her as if she was an ordinary nineteen-year-old girl, the idea faded. It was nice to have a boyfriend like Jack, who showered many attentions on her, and she didn't like the idea of giving him up, but just the same she decided that Jack would have to acknowledge her superiority before she became his wife.

Then the verse contest came to Constance's notice. There was her opportunity to show Jack and the whole world and make them proclaim her the genius that she had been lead to believe she was. Why she had written verses since she was six years old! True, all of them didn't rhyme, and some of them didn't read smoothly as they might have, but some of Shakespeare's lines didn't rhyme, and most writers of poetry run away from their meter now and then. The verse contest was easy. A leading magazine published an untitled picture and the contestants were requested to send in a title for the picture in verse. Constance studied the picture in what she thought was a true genius mood and set to work on the verse title. The picture was a woman turned out from her friends and relatives assured her that she was the only one who had a chance to win the \$500 that was offered. She had it spent two hours after the verse was written.

Jack was to call on her as usual that evening and she waited in anticipation. When he read the verse he would praise it as the best he had done, she felt sure. Her cheeks glowed and her heart trembled as she handed it to Jack to read.

"Alam!" was the first sound that passed Jack's lips.

"What do you think of it?" she asked eagerly.

"You hardly spent enough time on it, did you, dear?" he ventured.

"Quite enough for such a trifling subject," she answered indignantly.

To have her work criticized was a new experience to Constance.

"There is a break in the meter in the second and the last line," he criticized again.

"There is nothing of the kind!" she retorted. "What do you know about meter? This is not the first poetry I have written. I will have you to understand."

"I know it isn't and you do very well all but we all make mistakes, you know," he said apologetically.

"Yes, some of us make very grave mistakes too Mr. Armstrong. It is getting late."

"I understand," Jack said, as he rose to leave. "You will feel better in the morning. It is not quite nine o'clock yet. I think you need a rest." His tone was as icy as hers, but he could not keep it up. "I would like to see you in the prize, Constance," he added, in a kindly way, "and I feel confident that you can win if you will only exert a little more effort."

But it was too late to fix it up. Constance had been led to believe that her poetry was perfect and her pride had been terribly injured. Jack knew she had been spoiled, so didn't say any more.

Constance was a pretty girl, and when she grew a little older in years and experience he could see that she would forget many of her silly notions of her own self-importance.

The more Constance thought over Jack's criticism, the more injured she thought she was. It would mean the end of everything between them, on that score her mind was firmly fixed. It would be better for her to marry someone with more intelligence and finer feelings than Jack had. Her girl friends agreed with her. Jack was a nice boy, and all that, but he wasn't good enough for their Constance—no indeed! She would be able to travel on the \$500 and it would be likely she would meet some distinguished man who would be more than likely to fall in love with her. She sat awake at nights and dreamed of it.

The contest closed. The winner would receive the check a few days before the next issue of the magazine, which would have the official announcement in would appear. As the day for the magazine to be released drew near, Constance found herself weary of waiting. She could not see the head of the wait and it was cruel to keep her in suspense so long. How she pitied the other contestants when they learned they were not the winner. For the first time it dawned upon her that perhaps she would be one of the unlucky ones. The thought chilled her. What if Jack had been right, after all. He hadn't any reason to find fault with her verse if there hadn't been something wrong with it. He had always been generous with his praise of her dresses and things like that. But it was preposterous to think of him knowing anything about poetry. It was altogether out of his line. He was a good automobile salesman, drew a good salary, and was a very fine young man. She had been a trifle hasty in becoming angry at him and not allowing him to call just because he had criticized her work. It was much easier to be an engaged girl than not to be. That was not fair to Jack. He had been Jack she loved; she hadn't just been in love with being engaged to some of her girl friends were. If she didn't win the prize money she wouldn't have a chance to travel and what chance had a girl to find a distinguished husband in a town like that. Disappointed husbands were very often married to their wives, even if their wives were highly intelligent. Perhaps she was a genius. Her friends had just said that so flatter her. It was just what she needed. She was

he was the only true friend she had. She got a copy of her verse to make sure. After reading it over she saw that Jack had been right. The verse wasn't even sensible, the way she saw it now. Why hadn't she taken his advice? Of course, she couldn't win the prize, she knew that without waiting to see the results announced. The disappointment proved too much. She buried her head in a cushion and wept.

"Constance!" It was Jack's voice in the kindest tone she had ever heard him use.

"Oh, Jack, I am so glad you have come!" she exclaimed, as she almost threw her arms about his neck. "You were right about my verse. It was

written by me. I haven't a chance for the prize. Will you forgive me?"

"I am here in search of your forgiveness," he answered. "I am sure you would have won the prize if it hadn't been for me, dear."

"My verse was terrible. I see it now. Perhaps if I had taken your advice I would have had a chance. Just this what you could have done with five hundred dollars. Won't the winner be happy?"

"It is very happy!" Jack smiled.

"I am glad you have won it?" she asked.

He shook his head no longer. With shaking hands he took a check from his pocket and held it up for her to see.

"What is the matter, dear, I'll come if you need me."

"Mother is very ill, she does not know anyone and father is almost crazy."

"Have you sent for a doctor?"

"Yes, father woke me up when he telephoned."

"I'll be right over, dear, as soon as I can get the man at the garage and have him bring the electric out for me."

"All right, Aunt Margie."

I tried to call up the garage, but I could get no one, finally I succeeded in waking Dicky's nurse and we went out to the garage and got the car out ourselves.

Someway my mind flew to Jim Edie and I had a great desire to tell the nurse to call him up after I had gone and then I thought that it was not for me to say.

As I drove over to the "Queen Anne" house that Tim had purchased when he first was made commissioner, I could not help but wonder at the great changes that had come in the comparatively few years that had passed since Anne had come to me that day with the black eye and had valiantly lied to me in defense of her man.

I thought of Anne dear, dear counselor and friend. The woman who had been more to me than any other. The steady fine character who had many

times kept me from being a snob, when I thought of Anne who had made me feel that I was a woman I had never known and who, if she were now living, would be a great help to me. I was leaving behind her daughter and son to whom she had given much more than I could ever give to my son. Anne in spite of fate, made her life just what she wanted it to be. Her children would always rise up and call her blessed.

And then my mind strayed to Tim. What would become of him without the sure compass of Anne's love to steer him aright?

I was sure that little Margaret Anne, or Margot, as the children called her, had absorbed enough of her mother's teachings to get along all right and the boy Harry would be mothered by his sister, but big, good natured lumbering Tim, I felt, very sorry for him, if he had to go the rest of his life without Anne's protecting good sense to keep him in the straight path.

Way up in the tower from the windows the light streamed, I could see that little Margaret Anne had left the lights burning in her tower room and that her mother's condition had been so precarious that she had not left her after telephoning me.

"I'm so glad you have come, Aunt Margie," said Margaret Anne. "Father is stamping around like a wild man and mother doesn't know any of us."

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"He is with her now. It is Doctor Vincent and he said when you come to see her right up."

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By BIDDY BYE.

Peaches are ripe!

This year peaches are more in demand than ever for the Food Administration's edit has gone forth that the sugar ration is to be cut to 2 pounds each month for each person—and peaches save sugar. They are a sweet enough in themselves to furnish a dessert which more than compensates for the absence of pie, cake, and sugary puddings.

Serve the fresh fruit without any sugar whatever—the family taste can be easily trained, and in cooking peaches use from 1-3 to 1-2 the usual amount. A good way to preserve peaches without sugar is to dry them and make them furnish their own sugar. Canned sweet peach pickles this year, and be content with reduced sweetness in canned and preserved peaches. Here are some good peach recipes for both fresh and preserved fruit, in which the use of sugar is reduced to the minimum.

Peach Custard Pudding—Select large ripe peaches of the freestone variety, pare, and cut a slice off the top. Remove stones without breaking the fruit and fill the centers with chopped nutmeats and raisins. Sprinkle the peaches with a little confectioner's sugar and powdered nutmeg or cinnamon. Set the peaches upright in a baking bowl or pan. Make a custard of three eggs well beaten, 1-3 cupful of sugar and 1-4 cupful raisins and cornstarch to thicken. Cook the

custard to desired consistency, pour over the peaches and chill thoroughly. If preferred the custard may be baked alone in the peaches.

Baked Peaches—Pare large ripe peaches, without removing pits and arrange in baking dish. Sprinkle the peaches with a very little sugar, add a few drops of butter, pour over the fruit a half-pint of hot water, sprinkle liberally with chopped nuts, and bake until the peaches are tender. Serve very cold, with cream and sponge cakes.

Peach Fritters—Pare and halve large peaches, sprinkle slightly with sugar and roll the halves in the crumbs of macaroons or stale cake. Place in a wire frying basket and brown in hot vegetable oil. When brown, drain, sprinkle with a few drops of maraschino and serve hot.

Cream of Peach Sherbet—Scald 1 quart of rich milk and dissolve in it 1-2 cupful of sugar. Allow the mixture to simmer eight minutes, then cool, when cold add to it 1 pint of fresh peach pulp. Place in freezer, and when half frozen add the beaten whites of two eggs and complete the freezing.

Peach Butter—Dip large, perfect peaches in boiling water, then in cold water, slip off the skins, and remove stones. Cut the fruit in a very little water until reduced to pulp. Add 1-2 the amount of sugar to the amount of pulp obtained and cook together until thick and clear, stirring often. Pour into sterilized jars and seal.

Home Service Work.

The Home Service department of the Red Cross, the work of which is assuming great proportions, has been established in new offices in the Professional building in Cleveland avenue. The offices are located in room 6 at the end of the corridor on the first floor and headquarters for the collection of campaign fund pledges also occupy this office. As yet office hours have not been agreed on but they will be announced later and persons desiring the aid of this very important work will always find some in charge at all hours to be named.

Mrs. I. M. Smith, who recently returned from Richmond, Va., where she completed a six weeks' intensive training in the service, has already begun work under the direction of Mrs. J. M. Roster, chairman of the department. Mrs. Smith was highly commended by the Director of the Home Service Educational Work, P. M. Conley, for her work in the institute in a letter to Mrs. Roster received several days ago.

A brief summary of the work covered by the Home department is as follows:

1. Information to every man and his family in regard to allotment, allowances, compensation, insurance, the provisions of the Civil Relief Act, occupational rehabilitation, communication with men in service and readjustment after military or naval discharge, etc.

2. Assistance in securing the benefits provided by the War Risk Insurance Law and Civil Relief Act.

3. Securing free legal aid where needed for men and their families.

4. Securing free medical and nursing service of any sort for the families.

5. Securing financial assistance.

6. Securing training which contributes to the welfare of the families of discharged men, and to the welfare of the men themselves in relation to civil or family interests.

7. Securing of men discharged from the service because of disability, in all cases not covered by governmental provision, and the care of the families of such discharged men.

More Gauze Workers Needed.

More workers in the Surgical dressings department are needed if the supplies required to complete the quota for August are made up. The enforced closing of this department on account of failure of supplies to arrive has disorganized the workers somewhat and their presence is very much desired. The rooms are open in the afternoons from 1 to 5 o'clock except on Thursday when morning hours are maintained from 10 to 1.

Wool for Knitters.

Announcements made through newspapers recently that no more wool would be released by the government for civilian and Red Cross purposes until all government military demands were met has caused apprehension among knitters that their very agreeable and patriotic service was to be curtailed. However word has been received from Mrs. Margaret Hunt, of the Potomac division that the government has promised to allot any surplus wool to the Red Cross and it is thought that the Red Cross knitting will go on as usual.

Contributes to Comfort Kit Fund.

Miss Mary Louise Nichols has contributed the sum of \$20 to the Comfort Kit fund which money she derived from the sale of decorated paper bags which are useful for many purposes besides being pretty and decidedly clever. The idea was one which Miss Nichols brought home from California where she recently spent several months and she has been kept busy ever since supplying the market. They are for sale at Red Cross headquarters.

Goods Shipped to Headquarters.

The following boxes of supplies

started gaze.

"Jack" she gasped, as she realized what it meant. "You have won the contest! I thought you couldn't write verse. How wonderful of you! You are a genius!"

"No, I'm just lucky, and happy, dear," he laughed, gaily. Just think how easy this five hundred will make us."

RED CROSS NEWS AND NOTES

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The following boxes of supplies

have been shipped this week to National headquarters:

Three hundred and fifty-four pajama suits, of outing; 230 canteen flannel hospital shirts; 100 day shirts of outing (men's relief); 100 gingham aprons for French women (relief work); 20 layettes; 1,700 surgical dressing pads, large size; nine ambulance robes.

News of Workers.

Among local Red Cross workers who are enjoying their vacations are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williamson, the former treasurer of the chapter, who are on a motoring trip to points in Maryland and Virginia. Mrs. Samuel Leeper, chairman of the Press committee, has also been out of the city for several weeks, her vacation including a visit to Camp Meade, Md., where her nephews are in camp. Mrs. W. J. Wiegell, of the Surgical dressings department, who has been at the Country club for several weeks during the enforced closing of the Gauze rooms on account of lack of supplies, has returned to the city and is again at her post, and Miss Ethel Heintzelman, also prominently identified with the Surgical dressings department, has returned from a motoring trip to Berkeley Springs, W. Va. Mrs. Ralph Reagan, who had been confined to her home by a badly sprained ankle for the past three weeks, has recovered and has returned to headquarters for service.

Weekly Reports.

Reports for the various departments for the week ending the 15th are as follows:

Goods completed, 108 housewives, 22 hospital shirts, 130 packages gun-wipes, 1 pair bed socks, 60 button bags, 7 pair pajama pants, 70 suits pajamas. Mrs. Arthur Stealey, superintendent.

Surgical Dressings—Pads, 361; workers, 34. Mrs. W. J. Wiegell, superintendent.

Knitting—Goods returned, sweaters, 44; socks, 53 pairs. Yarn given out for sweaters, 537 hanks; for socks, 125 hanks; for helmets, 38 hanks. Ambulance robes shipped to headquarters, 9. Mrs. J. A. Flickinger, superintendent.

Parkersburg Boy Held As Slacker

United States Marshal C. E. Smith of Fairmont, was notified that Frank L. Henderson, of Parkersburg, had been held on a slacker charge. It is alleged by the federal authorities that he failed to register when the military draft was made. United States Marshal Charles P. Cook served the warrant and has been held by United States Commissioner Castro, of Parkersburg to await the action of the next grand jury at Martinsburg.

DIFFICULT VIEWPOINT.

Singletons—Marriage is a luxury men can't afford.

Hardup—A luxury? Huh! It seems more like a necessity to me.

NO CHANCE.

What do you suppose will be the end of the woman question?

There won't be any end. They'll always be asking them. — Baltimore American.

THE USED TO BE GRAY

Society Ladies Everywhere Use "La Creole" Hair Dressing.

The well known society leader's hair was prematurely gray, perhaps just like yours, but Mrs. J. — heard of "La Creole" Hair Dressing—how thousands of people everywhere had used it with perfect satisfaction. It is not a dye, but a preparation designed especially for the purpose of gradually restoring color to gray or faded hair, and which is easily applied by simply combing or brushing through the hair. "La Creole" Hair Dressing positively eradicates dandruff, keeps the scalp in a healthy condition and promotes the growth of new hair; brings back a natural, soft, even, dark shade to gray or faded hair, and makes it lustrous, full of life and beautiful.

USE "LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING to prevent your hair from growing gray and to restore a beautiful dark color to gray or faded hair. Sold and recommended by Crane's drug store, Fairmont, W. Va. Mail orders promptly filled upon receipt of regular price, \$1.20. "La Creole" Hair Dressing is sold on a money back guaranteed.

Did you buy a Thru Stamp lately?

THE CHESAPEAKE AND POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY OF WEST VIRGINIA

FRED. SHARPBACK, Local Manager.

Tel. 12000 214 Monroe Street, Fairmont, W. Va.

:: CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE ::

Late last night my phone rang and little Margaret Anne's voice came over the wire.

"Can't you come over to the house very quickly, Aunt Margie?"

"What is the matter, dear, I'll come if you need me."

"Mother is very ill, she does not know anyone and father is almost crazy."

"Have you sent for a doctor?"

"Yes, father woke me up when he telephoned."

"I'll be right over, dear, as soon as I can get the man at the garage and have him bring the electric out for me."

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